

"THE JOY THAT CAME AT LAST!"

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

"He took his life Just capable of one heroic aim, and threw it in the against his throbbing heart, and his bare feet, as yet thickest of the fight. What matter? Since Aurora failed him first!"

-E. B. Browning. Jean Charteris, stepping out into the pearl and silveriness of dawn and dew, sighed-and then smiled at

sight of the riches spread before her. farms, so gay the girls in their new summer finery. hillside, but emphasized the pleasure of the young. who found in the holiday enjoyment at once innocent and reverent.

Miss Charterie walked down the prim gravel walk between the low green barberry hedge. She held yield tribute to death, daintily aside the skirt of her crisp, white wrapper, "Aunt Jean-Auntie lest it be touched by the wet twigs on either side. Her spirited gold brown head turned to left and right as she mentally calculated the floral wealth of her that same radiant head thirty summers had passed, so girlishly slender was the erect and graceful figure so smooth the white brow, so luminous the long, paney-purple eyes under the slim black brows. She had swung the basket from her arm and was snipping from the great snowball bush at the end of the path its first contribution, when a voice came piping to her from over the gate.

"Mis' Chart'ris, you got ma's dress done?" 'Just finished it at 12 last night, Billy!" She smiled newspapers. "There-den't crush it. laddie!"

The boy lingered, shamefacedly. He was not a bad looking boy, barring the freckles. He kept casting furtive glances at a second-story window in the little

"Is-is she"- a jerking thumb indicating the house, "goin' with you to the cem'try?"

iskipped away, his mother's dress crushed recklessly blushes. "An' I'll wear my new clothes," chanted Billie. "I'll wear my best clothes-an' a collar!"

It was a royal burden Jean Charteris had gathered when at last she laid the shears in the basket brimful of blooms. There were trailing sprays of white and Again it was Decoration Day, an occasion which in gold syringa stars, peonles, pink and crimson, and this little western town was one almost of festivity. white; honeysuckle, amber and rose, and carmine gold syringa stars, peonles, pink and crimson, and so great was the gathering from the surrounding blush roses, pale and velvety; sweathriar, delicately, yet intensely fragrant, and many a single flower so stirring the martial music of the local band. Even the pathetic sight of the handful of old soldiers, beauty. Back of the glittering window glass to the marching in depleted ranks to the cametery on the little home she approached were the glowing house plants which were soon to be transferred to the garden. These, rising tier on tier, glowing geraniums, fragrant heliotrope, brilliant hibiscus, golden mignonette, were destined with their hardier brethren to

"Aunt Jean-Auntle Jean!" rang a fresh young voice, "I'm dressed—Nora dressed me! Oh! may I selp you fix the flowers? And how soon may we go on the hill?"

Jean laid her basket on a hall chair and just in time to catch in her outflung arms the slim little white figure flying down the stairs.

"You shall help me, my precious!" she promised And she touselled the clustering curls on the dark little head and pressed with her own the rosy lips that were ripe for klases. Breakfast over, the two settled as to the relative merits of set designs in contradiction to the preference of Miss Charteris for less for at the freckled-faced boy as she moved to go back to the house. She returned, carrying a bundle wrapped sparkled and the restless little tongue talked trippingly on.

"You have to work awful hard, don't you, Auntie Jean? Did you get Billie's mother's dress done? Did Billie come for it? I'd like Billie-if he wasn't colored cottage, where the blinds were still freekled. Nora says you used to be rich. She says you lived in that big stone house with the fountain in the yard. She says my mamma was rich, too, until after my papa went away and left her. And then "Rosine?" Mise Charteris was ruthlessly snipping she came to live in this little weeny house with you, off every ragged robin which had presumed to show And then God wanted her. What made you and my

severity save for its books and "green things grow- brilliance, when Jean Charteris and the little girl her slender form, her head drooping as though in paled and her sensitive lips quivered, these the ab- and to sweet, safe slumber.

ing" and air of indefinable refinement, the perfect carried their treasures between them up the green day were on. If now and then Jean's sweet face velvet sward of that sloping hill, sacred to stience

sorbed little maiden did not notice at all. How should a pratting child, busy with a wreath, dram own. On several graves were flags—on the greater shoes, agoidzed by an unaccustomed collar. So abnumber flowers. But some were bare of bloom.

HER COMMAND.



"FIRST SAY TO HER: 'I FORGIVE YOU, DEAR!"

They stood at the gate to see the procession wind | And from one to another of these the late comers by—the hobbling veterans, the women of the Relief moved, leaving some sprays on each. Then they Corps, the townspeople in vehicles and afoot, the sought a certain corner, where a simple stone rethe first time?"

How with an energy show with an electron show spoke.

"Yes—she is your child. Do you learn it now for the first time?"

"My beloved!" he murmured. Then as Billie fied off every ragged robin which had presumed to show the blue head in the long bed border. "Oh, she will go ther mother is buried there, you know. Rosine go! Her mother is buried there, you know when we put all these will go with me."

"I'm goin', too!" blueted Billie. Then, as though overwhelmed by the magnitude of the admission, he of the bright little room, plain to show the magnitude of the admission, he of the long bed border. "Oh, she will mamma get poor? And why doesn't my papa come border. "Oh the first time?"

"Cod help me—yes. I did not dream there might be sought a certain corner, where a simple stone resource the first time?"

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"You shall place them all," said Jean Charteris. She gave Rosine the basket and stood learning against the marble shaft, her black, trailing gown outlining had confided in her. I told her how I loved you. And learned had a foot, the first time?"

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"You shall place them all," said Jean Charteris. She gave Rosine the f

weariness.

With unconscious elation the child went about her task. And afar in the road Billie watched her. Billie, stiff in his best Sunday suit, tortured by new sorbed was he in following every movement of his idol he did not hear the step approaching. He turned with a hasty exclamation at a touch on his shoulder

The latter pointed to the dark figure by the stone.

Chilton cottage now. She makes dresses." "My God!" the man murmured; "has it come to

Conscious of the boy's sharp scrutiny the man took

check and tell him to send my trunk to the hotel. You may keep the dollar." Billie grabbed the money and simultaneously ut-

"Ro-sine!" He was valiant enough in this pluto-cratic hour. "Ro-sine! Come on! I'm goin to buy who stood in silence there. When he spoke it was in

A final placing of the last wreath, an eager question, an answering nod from the bowed head—then the child was flying toward the road through the mellow ing radiance of the fading light, shouting questions to Billie as she came. Something in the skimming fight. For an instant he stood irresolute. Then slowly he of the agile little body, in her voice, in the shape of the curl-clustered head, caused the stranger to put masses of perfumed bloom. When he rose and held ut a detaining hand.

"What," he cried, "Is your name, little one?" Then she was dashing down the hill after the for-

The man, tall, straight and soldierly, with prematurely silvered hair and dark mustache, went striding across the green space that intervened between him and that quiet woman by the white shaft,

"Jean!" he cried hearsely. "Jean Charteris!" A low, shivering cry broke from the woman. She stiffened erect-stood as if frozen.

"Tell me," he begged, "about that-that child! She

shaking. It was with an effort she spoke.

she-she spoke of your engagement to WIR C Her sympathy was sweet. There was no question of a heart being caught in the rebound. Never save for one woman has my heart beaten a pulse the faster. She knew this when we were married. But she hoped until one day some months after our marriage, when chance word during a chance meeting with Clement rought the whole truth out. You had refused him And this Rose knew when she told me the contrary settled everything I possessed on her and went away, yowing never to look upon her face again! The weary, bitter woice ceased.

"We shall speak of this now," said Jean Charteris, slowly, "and then-never again! The bank in which you had deposited was the same which controlled my father's business. When the defalcation came Rose's money and ours was sucked down in the whirlpool. Father did not long survive the blow. Rose could do nothing. She had been brought up in idleness-in luxury. Besides, she was lil-and miserably unhappy. -turned to confront a man who was decidedly a So-I was always clever as a seamstress-she came to me, and we were comfortable-quite comfortable together. Two years ago a sharp attack of pnetmonia ended-all! Rosine was then four."

"Who," he asked, "Is that?"
"You took her into your home and your life," said the man, in a voice that—that low—shook with pas-"You took her into your home and your life," said sion. "You supported her and her child! If you had known her treachery"---

"Hush!" The soft word was imperious. She pointfrom his pocket two pieces of metal-one brass, one ed to the flower-strewn mound below. "Hush! She

"You knew it? When-how?" "The day you went away. Rose came to me. She told me—the truth."

The last gleam of sunset had faded. Amethystine shadows crept up the draws. But in the clear after-

a voice that thrilled her-the voice of the lover of her

youth. "Jean-will you come to me-now?"

She answered: "First say to her, 'I forgive you dear!

out his hand she laid her own within it, and thus they walked to the gate and down the road toward "Rosine!" She wrested herseif free. "Let me go with Billie. My name's Rosine—Regine Raymend!"

"You are tired," he said, and slipped his arm "You are tired," he said, and slipped his arm around her. "I have made a new fortune in a new world, Jean. You shall work no more,"

Rosine and Billie were feasting merrily in the cottage when the two turned in at the garden gate.
"To think," said Jean, as they went up betwirt the low barberry borders dew-silvered in the moonlight,

"that it was only this morning that I walked herealone—and so sad—save for the child!"
"Ah, the child!" he said, softly—hungrily. "Much may happen in a day, my Jean!"

The shock of his coming had left her weak and from his kisses, "I read—this: Between Calvary day and Easter day-earth's saddest day and gladdest

WHICH WOULD YOU SAVE?

"He Should Save His Wife." I answer without hesitation, he should save his wife. Firstly, because his mother has nearly reached the "last scene that ends this strange, eventful history," and the curtain will soon be history," and the curtain will soon be rung down on the final act. Secondly, because his children can never have another mother, and he has pimself reached a stage of life where he has less need for one and cannot hope to retain her much longer; and, lastly, because in his marriage vows he promised to forsake all others and cleave to his wife.

R. H. SUTTON,
No. 429 Lincoln avenue, Brooklyn.

He Did Right.

There are many people who read you account of the fire in Williamsburg in your valuable paper who will think that the hero, Fireman Holdsworth, should have attempted to save his wife first have attempted to save his wife his tand afterward returned for his mother. I am one of your readers who think he did just what was right under the circumstances. If he could not save both, I should be inclined to say with good old Billy West, "Save your mother first; you may get a good wife again, but you can never replace a good old mother."

HARRISON.

Owes Life to Mother.

Who should have been saved first? Who should have been saved first?
Mother! The one to whom we owe our existence; the one who guided our footstence; the one who guided our footstence from the cradle; the one who Newark. N. J. steps from the cradle; the one who

wife first, for, as he is a married man, his first services should be to his wife, as she is his future.

No. 22 Amsterdam avenue.

Himself or His Children?

Would Save Mother.

Would Save Mother.

He should have saved his mother.
Because: Who is his closest, stanchest, truest and best friend? To whom belongs his filial love? To whom does he owe his very existence? The answer is simple—his mother. Furthermore, his wife, if injured, would doubtless he better able to survive her injuries than would his mother, or account of her age, &s. The fireman solved this question correctly by his action. Without

FIVE DOLLARS FOR THE BEST ANSWER.

A fireman ran up a ladder to a window in a burning building in Williamsburg.

At the window he found his old mother and his wife. He could only carry one of them down the ladder.

Which should he take first, wife or mother? The Evening World will pay \$5 for the BEST ANSWER of 100 words, or less, to the question, telling which one he should save first and why. Address letters to "FIRE-MAN EDITOR," Evening World.

The fireman should have saved his mother first. Although his wife may It was a difficult problem to solve, but have been very dear to him, father and I say, save the wife first, for, although the other woman was his mother, his wife was the mother of his chitdren, and she had left home and mother to put her trust in him, and he had swom to protect her through life. By losing his wife his children lose a mother, which would be worse for them than for him to lose his mother.

ALICE SUPPLIE, No. 1169 Broadway.

The Best Friend One Can Have.

If I were in that brave fireman's place it would have been my duty to rescue my mother first, even at the risk of seeing my wife perish, because, as has often been said, "A person can have but one mother, while wives are plentiful." A mother is the best friend one can have. LEWIS L. ROSENTHAL, No. 101 East One Hundred and Third size.

Would Save Mother.

Would Save Mother.

The May have been sick in youth such a dan-youth had to stay up nights watching him, which wasn't at an average of 10 feet such his poor mother had to stay up nights watching him, which wasn't at an average of 10 feet on his mother had to stay up nights watching him, which wasn't at an average of 10 feet and his poor mother had to stay up nights watching him, which wasn't at an average of 10 feet and his poor mother had to stay up nights watching him, which wasn't at an average of 10 feet and his poor mother had to stay up nights watching him, which wasn't at an average of 10 feet apart. The banana plant bears only one bunch at a time, but it is a quick part. The banana plant bears only one bunch at a time, but it is a quick part. The banana plant bears only one bunch at a time, but it is a quick part. The banana plant bears only one bunch at a time, but it is a quick part. The banana plant bears only one bunch at a time, but it is a quick part. The banana plant bears only one bunch at a time, but it is a quick part. The banana plant bears only one bunch at a time bears only one bunch at a time banan happen apart. The banana plant bears only one bunch at a time, but it is a quick part. The banana plant bears only one bunch at a time, but it is a quick pa I say, save the wife first, for, although mother are always first in such a dan-

When he was young he always brought his troubles and his happiness to his

THE PANAMA HAT.

This summer the Panama hat, the ing with a little cold water will remove ightest, coolest and perhaps the most all traces of dust and dirt and render the article as good as new.

Years ago the finest qualities of Panbody should give more than £5 for this

Years ago the finest qualities of Panama hats were worth from 220 to 220 a piece. Indeed, they are to be had in London to-day at 25 guineas each, which seems a pretty high figure in view of the secentricity of our English climate, to say nothing of the brevity of human existence, says the London Telegraph.

The price at least suggests that the Panama hat is distinctly possessed of sixying qualities, and of this there can be no doubt, since with reasonable treatment it will last from five to eight years, and look well all the time. The secret appears to be never to send such a hat to be cleaned in the ordinary way, since the use of acids will insvitably impovered the plait. Coordinal apons.

new epoch in theatrical history.

far as the public is concerned, is usually somewhat longer. But for the rank and erage life of the person who chooses the file—those who never rise higher than the level of minor roles—ten years is about "We certainly see some amusing to me. He took from under his over-level lashes. The eyebrow ointment is some-level of the file of the person who chooses the stage as a profession."

I to do not know which mixture you have used for your eyebrows and eye-level of minor roles—ten years is about "We certainly see some amusing to me. He took from under his over-"I afterward learned that the fellow lashes. The eyebrow ointment is someserved before the public for that length cago Trioune man. "A week ago an of a half-bushel measure, and started to time without doing anything sufficiently meritorious or novel to attract unusual attention, the actor or actress, as a rule, passes away, in so far as the

GROWTH OF BANANAS.

Bananas are as a rule planted out

STAGE LIFE LASTS ONLY TEN YEARS.

profession is concerned, and a new crop is harvested among the many anxious recruits on the waiting list to fill the de pleted ranks. Men who deal in the talents of stage people to the extent of reaping financial return from their labors are better qual-

ified to "size up" the situation than others, and their experience teaches that few ordinary people remain longer than ten years in the business. They either achieve distinction—although this is the struggled to make us men; the one whose very life was risked to make us what we are. Many a wife has east leer husband off; but show me one mother that has ever lost her love for her child, no matter what that child has done. Whom should we save first?

God's greatest gift to mankind—A Mother. Fixet of the god and Twenty—first street.

"She is His Future."

"She is His Future."

"She is a married man, has seved his wife, has are is a married man, has are seventy-four years of age, the other younger. If one was not your mother and the other was not your wife, which would you save first? Wouldn't you save and fire of the profession is constantly the aged lady? I would. The fifth commandment tells us "Honor thy father and the which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Under the above common and the lord thy God giveth thee." It is the office of the theatrical agent the lord thy God exception rather than the rule-or else



A new crop of stage people is harvest- | standard of consideration, the mask is | odd-looking man slouched into my office | after removing several yards of binder | Dear Mrs. Ajur: ed in the United States every ten years.

Each decade marks the beginning of a what it is worth. By reason of this fact I told him I did, if they were good ones. those who manage the affairs of stage He assured me that he had a good one. before I knew it was the same old story, give me long, heavy eyelashes. Also This fact does not apply so aptly to stars and stage people who dominate in the lived on a farm—his appearance sugther profession, for the life of these, so profession than persons on the outside, gested this much—and that he had come I told him I couldn't use the play. He under steady treatment and have my other pomade.

Do You

Perspire?

tion which prevents and destroys all odor of perspiration.

Spiro is a white odorless powder as requisite to the toilet

as pure soap. A dust of it will prevent the feet from

getting hot, tired and sore, or relieve them after they are in that condition. Applied to the body or clothing it will

prevent that sour, sweaty odor that comes with overheating.

Spiro Powder is unquestionably the most delicate and valuable preparation ever discovered for the toilet. Try a

free sample and be convinced. Your druggist will furnish

it or it will be sent by mail. Full size box, Price 25 cts.

SPIRO COMPANY, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Then you need Spiro Powder, the new toilet prepara-



tree is that constructed by Meinrad Rumely, of Laporte, Ind., at his private resitions. The platform is built in the boughs of a large wild cherry tree, one and the constant of the tree and the other resting on a cross arm supported by a metal post, standing on a stone foundation in the yard, says the Chicago Tribune. A smaller tree droops its branches over the other end of the platform, which in price). This is a sample of the salaries height is raised almost even with the eaves of the house. The platform is 12 by paid to men and women who appear on 22 feet in size and will accommodate twenty-five people. Access to the lofty retreat is had by means of a winding rustic stairway, built around the larger tree.

the stage. The plot was laid in the asy- affection of the vocal cherds. um, and all the characters were insane

agers for every kind of show, and as nost specialty people are under con- Dear Mrs. Ayer: tract with one agent or another during system as prevails in a well-regulated banking institution. Whole programmes are made up by the agent so a manager is required to do but one you formulas: transportation expenses, which the manager is required to pay.

Individual acts are naturally rated according to ability and popularity of individual actors. Specialty people draw much higher salaries than those engaged in legitimate work, but even at that they are admittedly underpaid considering the character of some of their acts. For instance, a woman will stand against a board and allow a man to hem in her body with sharp knives. e variety stage, yet the market is overstocked with them all the time.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER TELLS HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

the limit of endurance. After having things, said Charles J. Carter to a Chiserred before the public for that length cago Traume man. "A week ago an of a half-bushel measure, and started in two town ever since he was old enough growth; in other cases it falls. I give for the skin, hands, &c. The book is to talk, and that his father, getting the you a formula for a liquid which may idea that he was crazy, had him confined suit you. No one preparation can be in an asylum. It was while he was an guaranteed in every case. Only a throat inmate there that he wrote the play specialist can prescribe a preparation with which he expected to revolutionize for your voice. I assume you have some

Eyelash Tonic.-Lavender vinegar people."

The sole business of the theatrical exchange is to supply attractions to manwith a camel's-hair pencil.

A Red Nose and Curly Hair.

What can be used for taking curl out the season this is done with as much of hair? Also, what can be used for a red nose? Try the two remedies for which I give

> For Red Nose .- Glycerin, 1 ounce; the face with a soft bit of linen or a fixed, so far as I know. A sixtee

velvet sponge. Anti-Kink Hair Pomade.-Beef suct, tail.

8 ounces: yellow wax, 1 ounce; casto oil, 1 ounce; benzole acid, 5 grams; oil

slow fire, add the castor oil and acid

Concerning Old Beauty Formulas Dear Mrs. Ayer: Kindly let me know if me can be bought in New York. I have an

yellow with age, without a date and is printed in German. Is the book of any READER value? Yes; meyea balsam can be procured
Yes; meyea balsam can be formula in of any druggest knowing the for New York. I should say the be

New York. I should say the book you have in not of any particular value.

Most of the formulas of to-day that are really important have been handed down with some slight alterations or improvements and additional ingredients that were not known many years ago. The book to which you refer has been printed in English and the formulas are professionally very wall

Cost of Peroxide.

Kindly tell me the cost of peroxide of hydrogen. thing—sign a check covering the cost.

The price of complete performances ranges from \$190 to \$1.150, not including the face with a soft bit of linear or a linear bottle would cost about a dollar at re-

Amusements.



Amusements.

PROCTOR'S Big Vaudeville, Big Comedy, 256, 500; Rea. 750; Box Seats, \$1, 2000 St. Joo Weich, H. V. Fitzgrand; Continuous Vaudeville, 25 Star Features.

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